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To proud November all in yellow clad
The universe her homage pays,
All vegetation once so bright and glad
In Fate's cold grasp her treasure lays,
And from her withered garment weaves
A carpet for grim Winter's path.
The busy rustic gathers in his sheaves
To save them from the snowflake bath,
And wonders why not e'en the golden king
Of heaven dares to venture near.
The mourning earth but steers with fi'ry wing
A southern course, as if in fear.
It is the groan, the knell of parting life
That makes all nature seem so sad;
Yet death is man's consoler in this strife
And should but serve to make him glad;
For not until that stern impartial king
Hath laid his icy hand on all
That stand within his reach, shall happy spring
Announce new life with joyful call.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.



DISCRETION.

(Inaugural Address.)

IT is a natural characteristic of man to desire to possess qualities that will advance his interests either in this life or in the world to come. This inclination permeates his every thought; it is, as it were, interwoven in his very being and finds full scope in all his actions. His moral and social path are beset with so many advantages to secure and so many difficulties to overcome, that it may truly be said that there is one quality which man needs more than any other. It is the stepping-stone to all the rest and regulates their use in a manner that will secure the best results and prevent the greatest misfortunes. Without this accomplishment all other virtues and characteristics would be of little use, and in many cases harmful. It is the chief characteristic and pre-eminent quality of the judicious, of the thoughtful. It is found in persons of a considerate and far-seeing bent of mind. It is essentially a part of a wise man's make-up. This quality is the brightest jewel in his coronet of excellencies. It is the copious fount from which spring noble deeds and great accomplishments. What is this essential characteristic, what is this ennobling quality? It is discretion. What is discretion? Discretion may be defined as that quality of the mind which prompts us to perform all our actions prudently and cautiously.

We often wonder why some people are continually in trouble with their neighbors. We fre-

quently cannot understand why many make enemies wherever they go or in whatever society they commingle. To what fault can all these unwelcome and deplorable conditions be ascribed more than to a want of discretion. It will teach us to live in peace and harmony with our neighbor and make our social relations more happy and ideal.

A discreet man always thinks twice before he speaks, and by so doing he avoids many an unpleasant experience, which a hasty and too quickly formed judgment might have caused him to regret when, alas, it was too late.

Discretion tempers wit and makes it agreeable whenever used. Discretion aids wisdom and brings it out under the brightest and most attractive aspects. The discreet man always knows how to speak intelligently and what thoughts he should express when he does speak.

Discretion distinguishes a wise man from a fool. Addison goes so far as to say, that without discretion he can see very little difference between the wise and foolish person. And this undoubtedly is true, for both have the same vanities and idiosyncrasies, the only difference lies in the fact that the wise man conceals them and passes them by in silence; but the foolish man makes himself an object of ridicule by giving vent to all his petty fancies and peculiarities in his associations with his fellow-men.

Discretion teaches one very salutary principle, and that is—do not confide too much in any one. If there is anything in this world that promotes enmity and ill-feeling among people, it is the be-

traying of confidence. A discreet person will know how far he should go in confiding his affairs to others and thus prevent circumstances of dire effect to both parties, for we know that on such occasions the world will always censure the unfaithfulness of the confided person rather than the indiscretion of the one who placed confidence in him.

Discretion must not only be practiced with regard to our speech, but also with regard to our actions. It is an "under-agent" from God to guide and direct man in his daily duties and affairs of life. It regulates and directs them all in the right channel and to the proper end. Hence it can easily be understood why this quality is of such vast importance to any person and in any calling of life. There are many qualities in the mind of man that shine with greater lustre than discretion, but none are so necessary and so useful, for a person devoid of this quality might as well be a non-entity. It is discretion that gives value to all his other qualities; it is discretion that manifests our abilities and talents at the proper times and in the proper places, and enhances their value to the possessor. Addison has admirably and truly said, "Without discretion, learning is pedantry, wit impertinence, and virtue looks like weakness."

Observe attentively who it is that guides the conversation and regulates the actions of society, and you will in every case find that it is the discreet man. For he it is who is the master, not only of himself, but of others. He it is, who controls not only his own thoughts, but those of his

associates as well. He discovers their talents and abilities and directs them to proper and useful ends. So it can be readily seen that a man can have all other perfections, but if he is wanting in discretion, he will never accomplish much in the world; but on the contrary, if he is discreet and has only a fair share of talents, he will be successful in anything he undertakes, and goes through life with as few short-comings and failures as is consistent with human nature in this world of varied experience.

Perhaps on a first thought some may mistake discretion for cunning or, what is worse, consider them to be identical in their effect upon human society. It would be one of the greatest delusions a person can be guilty of to confound these two qualities. Discretion is only to be found in men of a strong mind and a sound judgment, whereas cunning is often discovered in brutes themselves, and in persons of a very weak character. Discretion always has a noble end in view, and pursues the most proper and laudable ways of attaining it; cunning has only private and selfish aims and hesitates at nothing which will obtain them. Discretion is the off-spring of a generous and broad-guaged man; cunning the distinguishing feature of a little and envious person. When our discretion is once noticed, it gives us greater authority and influence, but when cunning is once detected in a person, it makes him less influential and even renders him despicable in the eyes of the world. Discretion is far-seeing and looks at things in the right light, both as concerns our temporal and

eternal welfare; cunning is superficial and does not consider any farther than advancing our temporal gain and comfort. In a word, cunning is only a representation of discretion, and may be taken for such by the unthinking, but by the discerning it will rather be despised than admired, whereas discretion will always be desired and praised.

The bent of mind which is natural for a discreet man causes him to look forward into futurity and to consider what will be the result of his actions, not only in this world, but also in the next. He does not think light of the punishment which will follow evil doing, because it is very remote. He is always desirous to know and act according to the ultimate end of his being and enjoy the happiness proper to his nature. He weighs carefully the result of every action both as regards its immediate and remote effects. He ignores every chance of gain, if it conflicts with his conviction of moral right. In fine, his thoughts, words and actions partake of immortality, and are never encouraged, if they will in the least mar the peace of his conscience.

Thus we have viewed the advantages and benefits of discretion, both in a moral and intellectual light. It has been considered as a virtue and as an accomplishment. We have taken cognizance of its usefulness, necessity, and desirability. Discretion has been shown to be the guide in all the affairs of a reasonable being, and therefore it is evident that its field is an unlimited and very important one. Although discretion is the great-

est wisdom, still it can be acquired by all. Its advantages are innumerable, but its possession comes to all who seek it. Hence, in view of such facts, it would only be natural for us to endeavor to cultivate and acquire this precious boon of discretion. It should therefore be our constant resolve to possess this quality, for it will be the means of our attaining every advantage and distinction in this life, and a happy eternity in the next.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

Down in the village churchyard
Is my sister's grave;
'Tis there the weeping willows
In their murm'ring wave.

Here I weep out my sorrow
And banish grief and fear;
Here 'neath the green-sward's cover,
Here lies my sister dear.

Thy face, O lovely sister,
Wore a sunny smile;
But now I'm sad and lonely
And weeping all the while.

Why hast thou parted from me?
O sister, now alone
Must I traverse this desert—
Oh, every hope is gone.

Still, hope 's not gone forever;
It stays not at the grave:
I'll see again thy features;
I'll suffer and be brave.

X. J., '03.

SHAKESPEARE'S TWO PORTIAS.

FEW writers in the world's dramatic literature have ever equaled the number and diversity of the characters in Shakespeare's dramas. He made the vague personifications of the miracle plays and moralities a reality. He observed the vices and virtues of his own day, formed images about them, breathed his own soul into them, watched their actions and quoted their utterances. His characters were formed in the mould of nature and polished by the aid of his genius. He has visited the palaces of kings, the mansions of the great and powerful, the lowly huts of the poor, the degraded, and pictured to us their inmates. In a few hours he presents to our view the tumult of a great revolt, the meshes of a conspiracy, or the progress of some great event, rushing ahead with all the impetuosity of real life; yet he introduces many characters, each perfect in itself, independent of the sphere in which it moves, and regardless of the plot. His characters may appear extravagant at times, their actions may seem impossible, but upon close scrutiny the creation which seemed a prodigy, develops into neither demon nor brute, his seemingly angelic, are naught but human, beings.

Posthumus in *Cymbeline* hurls a dire invective against womankind. Having read nothing more of Shakespeare, we would affirm upon oath that he was as great a hater of the fairer sex as ever lived. But Shakespeare's female-characters are some of the noblest productions of his genius. If

he employed great imaginative power and range of intellect in producing such creations as Macbeth and Othello, his delicacy of taste, skill of minute delineation and real intellectual ability, appear in his female-characters. The widely divergent characteristics of Lady Macbeth, Desdemona, Juliet, and several others bearing with them the two Portias, have filled volumes of criticism and encomiums. Still these are not particular persons bearing the names of such certain fictitious or historical characters; they are persons that characterize an entire species of mankind, whom the same disposition rules, with whom the ages before Shakespeare, his own age, and the present age, are familiar. Many of Shakespeare's characters seem similar, counterfeits of a role in a former production. Such are the characters of Portia in the Merchant of Venice, and Portia in Julius Caesar. One seems to be the prototype to the other; and Shakespeare leaves us under the impression when he places these words in Bassanio's mouth:

“Her name is Portia, nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.”

There is really a similiarity, but only in so far as they are types of true feminine virtue. But the one is not the other.

Considering the character of Brutus' Portia first, we soon notice the influence she has in throwing light on the manhood of Brutus. As his wife she is solicitious for his welfare; she is disturbed by the troubled state of Brutus; she has perceived the “ungentle looks,” and they have hurt her. Though Brutus has once refused to disclose his

secrets to her, she ventures to beg him again even in the middle of the night; she cannot sleep, and tells Brutus:

“And what men to-night,
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces,
Even from darkness.”

Her prudence and logic in conducting her pleadings involuntarily remind one of the court scene of the Merchant of Venice.

She knows her husband to be a man in every sense of the word, and when he had told her to leave him “with an angry wafture of the hand,” she left:

“Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath its hour with every man.”

She is persevering and unrelenting in her demand to know the secret grief of Brutus:

“Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.”

Then, upon Brutus' evasive answer, follows the dialogue in which Portia so nobly acquits herself. Quickly, we might say with a winning sarcasm, she forms her response. She places one reason upon another, each greater than the preceding, until she reaches the climax, by showing the gash she had made on her thigh to prove her heroism, and saying:

“I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?”

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"Can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?"

This makes Brutus exclaim:

"O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!"

During the entire discourse Brutus never fears for a moment that Portia will disclose his secrets; he fears to hurt her feelings. Neither does her desire to know Brutus' trouble proceed from a vain curiosity; it is the anxiety concerning her husband's welfare that excites her whole being. She lives in him alone, and notwithstanding her great power of mind, does not for once think that she is superior to her husband. She obeys him in childlike simplicity. She looks upon him as her protector and paternal substitute, as her husband; this she shows by her submissive actions and by the words:

"Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected that I should know no secrets
That appertain to you?"

In Act II, Scene I, Portia appears before us in all her womanly virtue and firmness; not to say that she has changed or assumed any new traits of character, she is not a line different from the Portia that pleaded before Brutus. She would not be a production of Shakespeare's genius if she were different. Her whole bearing is that of a refined Roman matron. Brutus has made her acquainted with the conspiracy, and now, summoning all her strength and courage to overcome her anxiety for her husband's welfare, she exclaims:

"I have a man's mind but a woman's might."

And under continual fear that she will disclose her husband's secret, she says:

"How hard it is for a woman to keep counsel."

The answer she receives from the soothsayer upon her question concerning the welfare of Caesar, heighthens her anxiety to a pitch of terror, a miniature of that which created the ghost of Caesar in the tent of Brutus later in the development of the plot: she knows her weakness and says:

"Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of a woman is!"

After the deed is committed and Brutus is forced to flee his country, her grief knows no bounds; she is quite overcome by it, and insanity follows. Later, amid the tumult of the camp we hear of her death and the violent means she employed in bringing it about. We cannot help feeling some regret that such is the end of so exemplary a character. Though Portia is a character surrounded by the splendor of Roman nobility, yet she is a particular type of woman met with in every day life. Though Portia might have been omitted without destroying the entirety of the plot, yet, without the introduction of the domestic scene between Portia and Brutus, it would not be Shakespearian.

In the delineation of "Fair Portia" in the Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare employed all his intellectual faculties to produce a true representative of real feminine greatness, magnanimity and grace; he wished to show in how far a woman's virtue may approach that of a man, and she

still remain a woman in every respect. How Shakespeare contrives this, remains with the workings of his own genius, for in the fulfillment of his purpose he has not failed.

Portia is a woman of the highest rank, well-informed and well educated. Her intellectual faculties are ripe with a pious culture and natural good sense. From her conversations with Nerissa we may conclude that she has a well-founded knowledge of mankind. Her character-description of the different suitors evinces a property seemingly above the accomplishments of a woman. With the greatest ease she pours forth her sagacity and logic. Though she abhors the very sight of her suitors, her obedience prompts her to follow her father's will to the very last: "If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will."

Whilst the different suitors choose the caskets, she shows a resignation to her fate, the issue be what it may; but when Bossanio chooses she stands in anxiety, awaiting the results:

"Go Hercules!

Live thou, I live; with much more dismay

I view the fight than thou that makest the fray."

She is humble, and as Brutus' Portia, she does not consider herself above her husband, though she has a great mind.

"I am an unlessoned girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd,

* * * * *

Happiness of all that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed."

Her intellectual abilities and accomplishments are nevertheless far above those of Bassanio.

If we would know Portia only as the companion of Nerissa whilst preparing to go to court and listen to their conversation, we would look upon Portia as a trifling, coquettish girl; she says:

“A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks
Which I will practice.”

But we only begin to admire Portia when we see her in the court. Though we may surmise that the main course of her proceedings were outlined by the learned Bellario, yet her method of conducting it with the beautiful discourses, are worthy of a sage of the bench. If we were not acquainted with the ruse she is employing, we would be deceived as well as any of those participating in the scene. During the entire course of the trial she never betrays herself in the least. Her arguments are evenly carried out. She conducts the trial with a pleasing serenity and shows no uneasiness as to the issue of her undertaking by the cramping of her discourse, nor in the rushing of proceedings. The whole scene flows impetuously, yet harmoniously under her firm direction, though after Antonio's delivery she is forced to say:

“My mind was never yet more mercenary.”

On approaching her home with Nerissa after the trial, Portia appears in all her poetic fancy. Their conversation now is a marked contrast to that of a few hours previous. Though often in trying situations, especially during the trial, Portia always conducts herself with the greatest simplici-

ty, modesty and sagacity; she never betrays herself to an action unworthy of her sex and standing. Always lively, always generous, always composed, Portia will remain a picture of feminine perfection and amiability, a whole-souled creature of mild Italy, and one of Shakespeare's most artistic productions.

I. A. Wagner, '04.

AUTUMN.

Fair Summer sat upon a flowery hill
While at her feet her daughter Autumn played;
Aurora's beaming face the earth doth fill
With golden light, expelling nightly shade.

"My daughter," Summer said, "to-day I've made
My will to thee, my only, loving child.
Behold my days, my golden days, they fade.
Be Queen, and rule the world—but sweet and mild."

The Summer died and Autumn took the crown
From off her mother's calm and smiling brow:
He tore the flowers from her bridal-gown
And broke the rose, the last of Summer, now.
Thus youth delivers up to age her joys;
Time changes all. Old men have once been boys.

H. X. '03.



CHRISTIAN ART.

AMONG the many factors of civilization there is one very often misrepresented, and this is no other than Christian art.

Though profane art to some extent also stimulates civilization, it can hardly compete with the former; for in general it is imitative and has but truth and beauty in nature for its ideal. The persuaders of profane art only too often fall victims to fashion and become servile slaves to court and wealth, losing even sight of their ideal, which can not be called the noblest. Christian art, on the other hand, although often wrongly styled pious—sentimental or fanatic, nevertheless has the highest ideal, since for such it has not only beauty in nature, but its very fountain-head, perfection, God Almighty Himself. We do, however, not maintain that the sole task of Christian art consists in withdrawing the veil of the *empereum* to present, as by magic, angels and saints, or the Triune God; no, its sphere is, as its mother the Church, Catholic, that is, universal. Thus, for example, Christian art can treat a historic subject with the greatest skill, for it sees in history not only a succession of accidents, but facts that speak of an Almighty Providence.

As to its imaginative creations, they are certainly more elevating the human mind (at least that of a Catholic) than any profane subject possibly could do. Profane art only chains us more firmly to this material world. Christian art, bursting these chains, brings us near to God, our Creator.

As to its history it may be compared to a tree of life whose seed had been planted in the catacombs by the Church soon after Christ. It sent its first verdant shoots to light in the long period, called the Byzantine, up to the thirteenth century. Then it produced flower-buds during the lives of Giotto, Massacci and Filipino Lippi. Later on, being entrusted to the tender care of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, the scales of the buds opened wide and the tree stood in magnificent bloom. Soon, however, followed the rich season of autumn and it was laden with golden fruit under cultivation of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Corregio, Titian and Giorgione. Then followed the long season of sear and falling leaves, the tree being protected by the German and Flemish schools. Yet toward the eighteenth century it again commenced to bloom under Overbeck and his followers; and so it continued under Mueller, Molitor, Furick and Deger; and at the present time it bears fruit to the noble care of Plockhorst and Hofmann.

Egon J. Flaig, '03.

A TENDER SEED.

I see this plant so young and slender,
A promising sprig so sweet and tender;
But I confide that God's paternal care
Will let it grow to breathe its fragrant air.

I see this child so young, untainted
By sin's dread venom unacquainted
With all its ills. O boy, may God's strong arm
Protect thy youthful days from sin and harm.

HOW THE CHAMPIONSHIP WAS WON.

SOME of the most interesting and hotly contested games ever played on the gridiron were the Inter-hall games of Burnside College. The greatest rivalry existed between the members of the two halls, and especially during the football season. Every means, fair or foul, were used to win the championship. The two halls were the Medical and Law departments. The Medical team was known as the VARSITY, having won the championship for two or three previous years, while the team from the Law department was known as the LAWYERS.

Both teams had been very successful so far, each having three games to their credit. The championship consisted of the four best out of seven games. The final game would be, without doubt, the most interesting of the season.

The VARSITY would have had a comparatively easy contest, had it not been for the LAWYERS' star half back, Harvey. He so strengthened their force behind the line, that when they 'were off,' it was a difficult matter to stop them. The VARSITY had endeavored to 'knock him out,' but were unsuccessful. They however resolved to debar him from the final game which was to be played on Thanksgiving Day.

About five days before the game, Harvey received a telegram informing him to come home at once. Capt. Nelson and he had a long chat before parting. Nelson wore a melancholy appearance,

in spite of his efforts to the contrary, but a 'sub' filled the vacant place, and practice went on as usual.

In the meantime the VARSITY were entertaining the greatest of hopes. It was understood that Harvey could not be back to play the final game, and without doubt the championship would be theirs for another year.

Tuesday afternoon Nelson was standing at the corner of the Law Department Building, when the following telegram was handed to him:

Nelson:—Will be back Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Harvey.

Having read it, he uttered such a terrible vociferation of joy that it attracted the attention of some Medical students in their building. Not thinking what he did, he tore up the message and ran to impart the good news to the other LAWYERS.

The Medicals knew 'something was doing,' and gathered up the pieces, arranged them together, and thus learned the cause of Nelson's great joy.

In a meeting of the Medicals held that night it was decided to kidnap Harvey. Some one stated that he was acquainted with a farmer living about fifteen miles from here. They knew Harvey would not walk and therefore would come in the hack. They would stop the hack some distance from the College, bribe the driver, and take Harvey to this farmer's house. A committee was appointed to carry out this plan, which they did to the very letter.

Wednesday evening 7:30 came but did not bring Harvey. Nelson, to collect his thoughts

and quietly think over the matter, strolled through the grove. Suddenly some one struck a match a few yards ahead of him. By the glare he saw a crowd of Medicals gathered there and holding a conversation in subdued tones. He silently crept up and concealed himself behind a tree and learned the story of Harvey's fate.

His mind was made up at once and he went directly to Harris' room. Harris played full back for the LAWYERS. Twenty minutes later Nelson, arrayed in a disguise, made his way to the city and hired a horse and buggy.

About midnight the hack stopped at the farmer's gate and Harvey was lead up to the house. He was well aware that escape was impossible and the sight of the farmer and his two robust sons, whom they had roused from their sleep, caused him to obey without hesitation, for he did not care to incur their anger. In the course of an hour arrangements were made, and the farmer received a neat little sum with the promise of more, should the plans not fail. After a short rest they returned to the College and arrived just as the day began to dawn. The driver was liberally rewarded and he promised to keep 'mum'.

Nelson boldly set out on his journey and after losing his way a number of times, drove up to the same farmer's gate about six o'clock the next morning. He inquired whether he could feed his horse and get his own breakfast. He was most welcome and was told he had arrived just in time, for breakfast was ready. His horse being feed, he was lead to the house. No one would have

ever suspected anything wrong, and as he was ushered in, he was recognized by Harvey; a wink was all that passed between them.

The breakfast was a pleasant one and lasted quite a while. Nelson prolonged it himself as much as possible, allowing his horse time to eat and rest. Breakfast being over and a number of stories told by all present, Nelson as quick as a flash drew two revolvers from his pockets and threatened to shoot the first who would move. He threw open his coat revealing a large silver star, and produced a warrant authorizing him to arrest a man by the name of Harvey, charged with murder. The farmer was nearly frightened to death, and Harvey was the very picture of terror. He played his part better than was expected. Nelson assured the farmer that he would not suffer any harm if he would deliver Harvey over to him. The farmer most willingly promised. Nelson, to carry out the bluff, marched them out into the yard and ordered one of the sons to hitch up his horse. This being done, he compelled them to bind Harvey's hands and feet and put him in the buggy. He followed and drove off with a polite "Good day." The bluff was a success, and it was the work of a very short time to free Harvey's hands and feet.

Eleven o'clock found them very hungry and a good distance from the college with their horse nearly 'fagged out'. So they stopped at a farmer's house for refreshments and explained that they had to reach Burnside College by half-past-two. The farmer, a kind old gentleman, noticed at once

that the horse needed rest very badly. He however assured them that with a short rest and some good oats it could make the distance in the required time. The farmer's wife served a delicious dinner, and at half-past-twelve they were ready to start with their horse much strengthened for the 'onward trot'.

At two o'clock the crowd began to gather on the campus. Both teams were there, but no one could account for the absence of Capt. Nelson. Harris was acting as captain of the LAWYERS with two 'subs' at the positions of half backs. The VARSITY did not know what to make of it, as Nelson was always one of the first to be on the field.

The VARSITY were to 'kick off' to the LAWYERS, and when the referee blew his whistle and inquired whether they were ready, Harris replied in the affirmative as though nothing unusual had taken place.

Several minutes of play had passed, and though the LAWYERS were doing their best, it was evident that they would lose. The greatest enthusiasm reigned among the supporters of the VARSITY, but the supporters of the LAWYERS had great difficulty in sustaining their usual 'rooting.' Big money had been placed before the game, and now great odds were given.

No one but Harris noticed two men climbing the fence and entering a covered wagon which had been driven on the field at the commencement of the game. He kept casting hurried glances in that direction every few minutes. Neither the spectators nor the VARSITY could account for the broad smile that

brightened his face. However, soon afterwards the VARSITY made a twenty yard gain around the LAYWERS' left where Harris was playing. He made the tackle and in doing so was 'knocked out' for the time being, and time was called.

But at the same time the attention of every one was directed towards the covered wagon by a terrible yell that was heard above the 'rooting'. Nelson and Harvey came running on the field in full uniform, having changed in the covered wagon.

The terrible yell that rent the air was the battle cry that struck terror deep into the hearts of the VARSITY and lead the LAWYERS on to victory.

ALBERT A. MCGILL, '04

HOPE.

O tell me, why is life
So full of bitterness?
Why, when I wearied fall,
Comes none my wounds to dress?
Why must I wane away
With crimson even-tide,
That by the night pursued
Flees from the mountain-side?

Have hope and confidence!
Cease, friend, to weep and sigh:
Stare not in night alone—
Gaze also to the sky.
Although the sun is gone,
The stars diffuse their light:
In dark and dread despair
The stars of hope shine bright.

NOAH.

Still reigns the mighty deluge far and wide,
Naught but an endless sea the eye espied,
While in the east, upon the Lord's command,
An angel parted with his shining hand
The curtain of dark clouds that still hung o'er
Aurora's windows and her golden door:
And as the veil is drawn aside, she calls
Upon her father in his beaming halls,
The king of day, his chariot to ascend,
And to traverse the world from end to end.
Aurora led the bridle till his car
Stood on the ocean.

Then the morning star
Bid him farewell upon his kingly way,
And singing with the Dawn a morning lay,
Resolves with her till Sun's return to stay.
The fire-breathing steeds of Helios pant,
Skip o'er the waves: for he free reins did grant.
Beneath the chariot's blazing thunder-wheels
Rose up the steam.

Himself as one who feels
Most quenchless thirst, bent low and drank his fill,
Then rose again and shot his shafts at will,
Into the dark-blue deep, until at last
Fierce Neptune fled pursued by South-winds' blast;
He on his toes stole stealthily away
Into his caverns 'neath the briny spray.
With clam'ring noise the fleeing currents drift
In foaming tides while throu' the billows lift
The highest peaks their sad and drenched heads:
Upon them Phoebus fire arrows sheds
That dry them up.

A harsh and grating sound
Is heard beneath the Ark. It stands on ground
Upon Mt. Ararat. Now hills appear,
Their darksome crests into the sunshine rear.

Now Noah sends a raven to espy
If all the sea was gone, all land was dry;
The bird his weighty message soon forgot
Fed on the corpses that began to rot.
Then Noah sent a white and simple dove,
Who shunned the corpses, soaring high above,
And finding not whereon her foot could rest,
Returned into the Ark, her homely nest.
A few days later she again flies out
From hill to hill and all the land about.
At last she came, borne on the balmy breeze
Unto some beauteous, blooming olive-trees.
And from a tree a tiny twig she broke
To Noah peace and freedom to betoke.
Indeed, the mountains reared their haughty brows
Into the clouds again.

The men arose

Within the Ark. A busy tread of feet
Is heard—the doors thrown open—all to greet
The earth, the sky. All thank the bounteous Lord
That He so kind with them, fulfilled His word.
Then Noah build an altar out of stone
And sacrificed a tender lamb, since shown
The Lord had mercy, saved them from among
Death's victims, and he sings a grateful song
As rose the incense from the sacrifice
Up to the Godhead's throne above the skies.

“Great art thou, o Lord, and holy,
And thy power hath no end;
Thou from heav'n in justest anger
Didst to man thy vengeance send.
Heavy lay thy hand upon us,
And we groaned beneath thy might,
And we wept in grief and darkness,
But thou lead'st us into light,
God of majesty and glory
Hear our humble, grateful prayer;
And we dread not harm nor danger,
For we rest within thy care!”

Scarce had he done, when lo! a beauteous light
Shone o'er the altar, in sev'n fold colors bright.
In charming beauties glowed the rainbow's hue,
Beneath the rainbow did a maiden stand,
Who held a sceptre in her queenly hand
And on her arm an infant sleeps at rest,
His golden curls adorn his mother's breast.
Then from the skies a voice of thunder came
Majestic, grand, and called on Noah's name.
"Here I 'm, o Lord," said he "Almighty, speak
Thy servant heareth; Lord, thy face I seek!"
"Thou hast in justice walked before my face,
And hence I saved thee and thy pious race.
Most pleasing is to me thy sacrifice—
Like evening-incense it ascends the skies.
I'll make a covenant with thee and thine;
No flood shall come again; and as a sign
Behold, this beauteous arc I fixed between
The earth and sky, an emblem to be seen
Of the great covenant 'twixt Me and thee,
And it shall stand for all eternity!"
A brilliant light falls on the sacrifice
A flash descended from the open skies—
An Angel clad in light—a spirit fair.
He said: "I am thy guide, give me thy care
and follow me. I'll show thee wondrous things
of times to come."

He spread his shining wings
And Noah followed him across the land
Throu' fertile countries and o'er desert land;
Crossed rivers, mountains, many a hill and dale;
Here fruit and flow'rs, there thorns and stones prevail.
"Behold that hillock clad in sprouting vine!
There is the place where thou to rest recline."
Here Noah drank—upon this fatal hill—
He knowing not the strength of wine—his fill.
Here Cham commits his heinous, lusty sin
For which his father cursed him and his kin,
When he awoke.

“Why, Cham, did Satan win
Thy youthful heart? Ah, does that greivous sin
Not tingling send the blood into thy cheeks?—
The Lord hath seen it all.—Thy soul he seeks.
O Cham, my son, no evil could be worse,
Than if a father his own son must curse;
The Lord is witness, Cham, I curse thy race.
Now leave me, burden not my waning days.”
Cham did not care. He left without a tear.—
His heart was hard—his daring knew no fear.
But Noah rose and walked between the vines
With Seth and Japhet. Still his heart repines
At Cham’s sad fall.

“Root out,” the angel said,
“The vines upon the hill’s abundant head,
And plant the olives sprung from Adam’s shoot,
The angel gave him with a single root
As he and Eve went forth from Paradise,
That they might have a solace in their sighs.”
Then Noah did as bade the angel’s voice.
And plants the olive sprigs.

He did rejoice,
When on a sudden rose a shady grove,
Where leaves with sunshine faintly interwove;
And passing on they found a heap of stones,
The wind sighed through the boughs with solemn
moans:

“Here is the place where Cain his brother smote;
His guilt the fratricidal brother wrote
With blood upon the pure and virgin earth.
Unhappy Cain! Thou wert not worth thy birth.
See, here he fell and weltered in his gore;
Come, Noah, follow me, I’ll show thee more!”
They went a stone’s throw farther to the west.
“Here is the place by men’s Redeemer blest.
Now ope thine eyes and see His figure here,
And look on Him, if able, without tear!
He rises. Follow Him where-e’er he goes,
Upon his journey to most bitter woes!”

Our Lord went on across the Cedron Creek,
Left marks of blood behind Him.

Sweet and meek

He went, a tender lamb, upon a mount
To immolate Himself. Oh, who can count
The endless pains that Jesus did endure
Upon the way, our heaven to secure!—
When they arrived upon Mt Calv'ry's height,
The countenance of Jesus shone with light—
And He thus spoke to Noah:

“Bury here

The skull of Adam wetted with thy tear;
Upon it I will rise from earth above,
Draw all things to me in an endless love.”
Then on the skull of Adam rose a cross
And nailed to it our Saviour, God, for us.
Here Noah fainting fell upon his face;
But soon a gentle voice bade him to raise
His wond'ring looks, for in that dismal height
Stood Jesus Christ again, in flame and light.
His banner waved triumphant in the breeze,
And angel-choirs sang of love and peace.
Our Lord then pointed to the evening skies,
Where Noah saw upon a mountain rise
A beauteous city with twelve golden gates,
This sight of grandeur Noah's heart elates.

“This is the new and grand Jerusalem
Which is a part and heritage to them
That do believe; an ever-blessed home
For those who still far, far from heaven roam.
It is my kingdom and my noble throne
There I am King and there I rule alone!”

“Bless, all ye nations, God, the Lord Most High,
Who in his mercy from the eternal Sky
Send Faith and Hope and Love. O Trinity!
O Blessed Vision in life's misery!
Now, sons and daughters, will I gladly die;
Be still, my heart—thy Saviour is so nigh!
I know that after death I shall arise

To see my Saviour with these mortal eyes,
Then will I live in everlasting joy.
No grief, no tear my quiet shall annoy"
And then he wandered from this cheerless life,
His course was done and ended with his strife.
His children buried him upon the place,
And then dispersed in many various ways.

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.

MOTHERLESS.

Here is that sweet and hallowed place
Where I relieve my breast;
Where I in pity shed my tears,
There is my dearest rest.
O blessed heap! within thy womb
My lovely mother sleeps
O mother, mother, hear my sighs,
Thy little darling weeps.
With falt'ring step I tread the earth
Who helps me when I fall?
O mother, mother, when alive,
Thou wert my aid, my all!
The world is cold and pitiless,
And I am all alone;
O mother mother, I am sad,
All day since thou art gone.
There's none who kisses me to bed,
There's none who gives me cheer;
O mother, mother, to my heart
Thou art now doubly dear!
"My child, my child! be of good cheer,
This life, though hard, is short
O place in God thy anchor, child!
Until thou reach His port.
Have patience, for the day will come,
When we again shall meet;
O what delight, when hand in hand
We shall each other greet!"

C. P.

A MEMORY.

THE rain fell with a steady patter upon the dead leaves and murmured soft and low upon the house tops. The wind came in gentle gusts, twirling leaves and rain drops into the darkness. The night was spread far and near—with it a gloom and dreariness. Ivy-covered and alone stood the little church in the dreary, dreary night. Occasionally the pavement would ring with the step of some passer-by as he hurried homeward—the sound gradually dies in the distance and then—silence. A sad sweetness, the perfume decaying leaves and the fresh wind-blown rain, were in the night.

All sounds have long been dead; even the village clock had tolled its largest hour and slept. From the deep shadows moved a figure who had watched and waited. The face, haggard and white, was nearly hidden by a shaggy beard. Just as he entered the church a hollow, racking cough escaped him, and clutching at his throat, he tried to stop it, but he had not traversed half the aisle when it came back long and severe. He sank to the floor under the strain of the coughing spell and the blood showed red upon his lips—red and fatal.

Wild-eyed and staring he gazed at the flickering altar light—and then sank lower upon the floor. That pain, that sharp, piercing pain in his chest— — he was tired and weary — oh, so — very — very — tired — and — — —.

The wind sighed without and dashed the rain against the stained glass, and he straightened with

a start. Up near that light were riches—gold—only reach out his hand and they were his—then comfort—ease. His face was hardened and he started stealthily forward. Listen! was that a foot-step?—no, only the wind; searchingly he turned towards the dim light—but it was only dim. His roving eye came to rest—long and earnestly he gazed at a figure and his face softened as he gazed; the Madonna stood alone—there was silence and a flickering light.

He breathed—mother—mother—and fell sobbing to the floor. He could see away, away back—it seemed so far, but there it was, the little white house, the trees, the yard and all. He could see the sun still as it leaped and danced on the grass and tried to hide in the deep sweets of the flowers. When the golden rays had flown, he and his mother would go to the grave—his father's grave, and then the dusk having fallen, the moon would steal slowly into the sky as they went sadly homeward. All these things came back, even the dear sweet face, wrinkled, care-worn—yet loving, appeared vividly before him and her last words were burning in his brain. "Never do anything that would grieve your mother." What had been his life? Was he true to his mother—to his God? He shuddered. The silence and the night seemed to mock him. He sank into the darkest shadow, and from the shadow came a sob and a prayer.

The altar light flickered low and the tiny rays showed pale through the windows out into the wet, wet night. The wind dashed the rain into the ivy leaves and over the little church. From the mossy

eaves the water fell with a steady drip, drip, drip. The small hours grew larger. The light of day came and the darkness vanished. The Madonna stood in the growing light and at her feet lay a figure. The face was pale and haggard and yet—peaceful.

The figure was still, the church was still; but in Heaven there was rejoicing.

GEORGE J. ARNOLD, '05.

AUTUMN.

The hazel in the lane are browning
And hawthorns redden on the plains.
In morning fogs the sun is frowning—
And 'gain he weeps in drizzling rains.

Through woods a chilling breeze is roaming
And dares the wheatfield's million spears,
Sneaks then through cornfields that are groaning
Where shiv'ring cornstalks rub their ears.

O'er night Frost with his piercing dagger
Steeps all the wood in bloody gore;
And flow'rs thereof to earth do stagger,
The feath'ry tribes do sing no more.

E. F., '03.



THE long continued and much agitated coal strike has at last come to an end. This announcement was the most welcome and gratifying news sent over the wires in many a day. It was an affair in which the whole nation was interested, and hence the great anxiety and fear which filled the hearts of the people as to the outcome of this threatening menace. Even the more conservative and optimistic, who all along thought that the strike was only a matter of a few weeks' duration, were becoming gravely apprehensive as to the ultimate end of the strike. Public opinion was powerless to do anything towards bringing about a settlement of the lamentable affair, for if it had not been, the strike would have lasted a very short time. The sentiment of the people was very pronounced in favor of the striking miners, and we believe that as a rule the sympathy was extended in the right direction. According to reports from the press in the coal regions, the men who best understand the situation are the Catholic priests of those districts. These priests known both sides of the controversy, and therefore they are able to judge which of the two parties are in the right. They take the side of the miners and have even secured concessions from the operators in behalf of the men working in the anthracite regions. But when the strike was raging at its highest and men no longer were governed by reason, the kindly offices of these priests were totally ignored, and now their influence has been materially diminished. It required all the influence and authority that President Roosevelt could

muster, in order to bring about an adjustment of differences through an arbitration commission. The commission appointed is an able one, and includes one of the greatest thinkers of the age, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. Arbitration is the only satisfactory and just way to settle disputes between two interested parties. Here both sides are represented, and both have an opportunity to submit their claims to men governed by reason, moderation and justice. Many differences of international importance have in the past been adjusted satisfactorily to all concerned, and there is no reason to doubt that the commission selected by the President will come to an amicable agreement on the points left to them for arbitration. It is to be hoped that they will not only put an end to the present strike, but that they will also devise a means to bring capital and labor into closer and more friendly relations, and by so doing, they will prevent the recurrence of similar troubles, and thus they will have accomplished something of vast benefit to humanity.

ONE of the greatest evils that is now prevalent in this country is the employment of child labor. The many thousands of children under thirteen years of age that are employed in factories throughout the United States present a spectacle that is truly heart-rending to behold. Placed in such a condition at so young an age, they cannot help bringing about their moral, mental and physical ruin. Their companions in the work-shops and factories are often men of very vicious character, who make it their business and take extreme de-

light in imparting to these unsophisticated youths all kinds of iniquity and crime. They thus in the tender days of youth acquire bad habits and practices which they can not easily overcome when they have grown to maturer years. As a natural consequence their lives are a continual succession of evil doing, and by becoming gradually weaker and weaker, they finally lose all regard for righteousness and virtue. Another very deplorable effect of child labor is the neglect of their mental training. They are taken out of school at a time when they can acquire knowledge the easiest and develop their minds the best. Many a boy who possesses the talents necessary to win great success in an intellectual field, is taken out of school just as he begins to show promise of future greatness to work out a life of drudgery in the factory. This makes them spend their lives in a vocation not at all congenial to their nature, and thus they go through life without ever attaining the object of their desire and the goal of their ambition. The advantages of an education cannot be overestimated, in fact, they are without number, and this truth is acknowledged and proven by none more clearly than by those whom bitter experience has taught the value of a good education. How often do we not hear men say that they could have secured this or that position or received this or that distinction, had they possessed the necessary education. These facts can hardly be overlooked by parents and those who have the future welfare of the young people at heart, for they are of vital importance to the individual, to the family

and to the nation at large. Then we know that putting boys to work at so early an age ruins them physically. The atmosphere and the surroundings in our manufacturing establishments are very detrimental to the health of a man, and much more so to that of a youth. Consider how they are confined in such unhealthy places during their young days, and then add to this the hard work which they must perform at nominal wages and during long working hours, and you will agree with me that the labor reformers have a pitiful condition to correct in the present evil of child labor. In Southern factories nine thousand children under twelve years of age are employed. They receive from ten to thirty cents a day for wages, and they work from 6:30 in the morning to 6:30 in the evening. Is not this circumstance a sufficient cause for the philanthropist to wonder what will become of the youth of the nation, if these inhuman and deplorable conditions are permitted to continue much longer? Certain it is that the subject is one worthy of the consideration and thoughtful attention of the nation's best and most prominent men. Catholic parents especially should not take their children from school too early, for we have seen the many evils and bitter consequences resulting from this course. They may say that owing to financial circumstances they need the money that their sons can earn, but in most cases they aid their parents but very little. When we reflect how much the training of their various faculties, especially of their moral qualities, is neglected by thus putting them to work while very

young, we must truly come to the conclusion that it is, as a rule, poor policy for parents to make their children stop studying in order to receive what little pecuniary assistance they can from them. A learned Catholic priest in an address at a dedication of a school house clearly grasped the situation about the education of Catholic youth when he said, "Parents often sell the souls of their children for a handful of nickles." If people consider this point in the right light, they will agree with the reverend gentleman and make every sacrifice to give their children at least a common school education, for they should remember that their temporal, and above all, their eternal happiness and welfare depend upon the training received in the days of their youth.



EXCHANGES.

If we were to determine the journal that approaches nearest to our concept of an ideal college-paper, if we were to propose a paragon to our other exchanges, we should mention the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. It is filled with almost a surplus of interesting materials; its poetry is charming; its versification flowing and various; its articles are the broadest in range; its stories attractive and original; and all its contributions are presented in an easy, thoroughly modern style of writing. The fifth number of this year's *Scholastic* will serve to corroborate these affirmations. The editorials, too, of the same issue are instructive and a valuable contribution to the journal.

Although the *Dial* is re-appearing in its old plain cover, it is likewise re-appearing with its old solid matter. Three beautiful poems make up the cream in the October number. "In Passing," though consisting of only eighteen lines, is replete with tender feeling; the "Class Poem '02" receives a peculiar charm through the change of rhyme and rhythm; whilst "When the Sea Gives up its Dead" relates a story that reminds one of *Enoch Arden*. We certainly do not mean to accuse the writer of plagiarism; however, the plot seems to be built upon, or at least to have been suggested, by Tennyson's poem. "Homer and Nature" is written in a style worthy of the title, and though at times somewhat diffuse, is in general handled with a firm

grasp. In the remaining two stories the plot is not deep, nor is the style above the ordinary; yet the editorials are in every regard excellent. "We hope," with the exchange-editor, "that Georgetown will be as fortunate this year as last in selecting as conscientious and fair an ex-man."

The St. John's University Record commences its prose column with "In the Old World," an article containing matter which, though not lacking interest, extends over too many pages for a college-journal. "To a Lynch Mob" is a very reasonable and stirring invective against that seeming execution of justice, that vulgar manner of killing people, practiced in this country. Besides being an eloquent appeal, the writer merits the praise of having represented it under the gay colors of an incident, instead of sending forth an admonishing essay. "A Lesson from the Past" is highly patriotic, though its writer is doing little more than refitting old materials. A short paragraph, but full of poignant sarcasm, is the one entitled "A Bit of Instructive Conversation." The editorials are strong and healthy in thought and style.

Promptly though quietly and unostentatiously the *St. Mary's Sentinel* is making its appearance in our sanctum. *The Sentinel* has finally put off its quaint dress, and is appareled in a completely modern attire. In the first issue the journal commences a serial that is to extend through all its numbers. Whilst we cannot determine its merits as yet, it certainly requires more than a mere attempt to justify the publication of such an extensive story. The introduction promises success.

The reputation clings to the American name of being "up to date." Several college-journals are doing ill justice to this fame of the country. As an example, though only as an example, we may mention the *Bee*, which like others is delivering commencement-speeches three months "after date." When one opens its pages and reads the line taken from Virgil, where the poet sings about the busy life of bees, one certainly expects to find honey. Although the hive is not overflowing, there is surely some to be found. The poem delivered in honor of the Rev. Theo. Spetz, on his silver jubilee, is one of rare beauty, and "Belle Isle" contains some rather humorous information.

In the *Columbiad* college-journalism has made an acquisition that promises much. The characteristic feature of its first story is richness of plot. Of greatest merit in the paper, however, are the "Sketches." Their writers have made common subjects attractive, and they manifest great power of observation. May the little pamphlet augment the number of its pages; may its merits constantly increase, till it attains the standard of that paper issued by the mother-university of Columbia!

The college-journals are rather slow in making their appearance. However, besides the above mentioned, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Fordham Monthly*, *Niagara Index*, *The Mountianeer*, *The Sacred Heart Collegian*, *University of Ottawa Review*, *S. V. C. Student*, *The Xavier*, *Agnetian Monthly*, *Abbey Student*, *The Young Eagle*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *The Mount St. Mary's Record*.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.



Complying with our request to send us some information of their whereabouts and occupation, a few of our esteemed Alumni have responded to the call and given us some points that will make this column of interest to our readers.

Rev. C. Daniel, C. PP. S., '96, sends us some interesting news from Mo., where he has charge of several missions. He speaks of the difficulties encountered several weeks ago on his mission tour; he is often obliged to travel fifty miles on horse back through rugged mountainous regions. On account of heavy rains the creeks were impassable, and he was delayed for several days on his way to Gravois. He states that he finds mission life in the West congenial. *The Collegian* wishes him success as a missionary.

Rev. Jerome Ueber, C. PP. S., '96, pastor of St. Wendelin, O., is sick with typhoid fever. He has our wishes for a speedy recovery.

Rev. D. Schweitzer, C. PP. S., '95, who has charge of the parish at Burkettesville, O., is building an addition to the church. Dedication will probably take place in a few weeks.

We have been advised that Messrs. F. Mader, H. Froning, Fred. Boeke, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, '02, have succeeded in securing good positions as teachers. Judging from their close application to studies at St. Joseph's, we have every reason to believe that they will be successful in their new field of labor.

Messrs. E. Werling and H. Hoerstman, of the class, '03 have entered the Seminaries at Cincinnati, O., and Milwaukee, Wis., respectively.

Mr. Charles Sibold, '02, has accepted a position at Marshal Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

In the Days of King Hal, a story from the pen of that able writer, Marion A. Taggart, has recently made its way into our midst. Its exuberance of brightness could not be kept inside, hence the attractive cover. The scene of the story is laid in the vicinity of York, in England, during the reign of Henry V. The plot is based on local historical facts of that period, and as the historical novel is at present enjoying great popularity, it comes at a time most opportune. Our Catholic friends need not now turn to Protestant authors for up-to-date books, they have them from writers of their own faith. This book is moral in its tendency, and at the same time bright and entertaining. The style throughout is simple, easy and characteristic of the author. The descriptions are vivid

and interesting, and add much to the merit of the book.

Alain Darrington, the hero of the story, gains the admiration of the reader upon his first appearance, and retains it to the very end. How the hero surmounts all difficulties and overcomes all obstacles, is told in that striking manner which has made this author so famous among Catholics. There are some twenty-five illustrations which greatly enhance the value of the book. These illustrations are for the most part good. Some, however, are rather stiff, and would seem to indicate more a studied than a natural arrangement of characters,

Taking everything into consideration, the book is strongly recommended to our Catholic people. Parents who are looking for a present for their children, one from which they would derive benefit as well as pleasure, could do nothing better than to present them with a copy of "In the Days of King Hal." Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25.

The Catholic Home Annual, teeming with all manner of good things, has lately made its appearance in our sanctum. This, the twentieth volume to which is added a very valuable calendar, contains short stories by such authors as, Father Finn, S. J., M. F. Egan, and a number of others. The Catholic Home Annual should be found in the home of every good Catholic., Benziger Bros., Publishers. Price 25 cts. R. H., '05.



C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society presented its first private program, Sunday, Oct., 5. The following gentlemen participated:

Music, "Shower of Spray," Piano Solo....Mr. J. Notheis.

Recitation, "The Gladiator,"..... Mr. B. Holler.

Oration, "Ambition."..... Mr. J. Steinbrunner.

Recitation, (Comical) "Tony Pastor's Union Speech,"

.....Mr. A. Koenig.

Declamatory Essay, "Suspicion,".....Mr. L. Huber.

Music, "Mistress Nell" (Gustin),..... Mr. J. Notheis.

Dialogue, "A Red Hot Massage,".....

.....Messrs. A. McGill and C. Grube.

Farce, "The Darkey Photographer,"

.....Messrs. J. Braun, B. Alt, R. Goebel.

Though the matter on the program was not as solid as it might have been, yet the short time in which the gentlemen had to prepare, serves well as an excuse.

The public program rendered in honor of their namesake, Columbus, on Tuesday Evening, Oct. 21. was a complete success, and deservedly so.

Following was the order of the program:

Music, "Audry March"..... College Band.

Inaugural Address, "Discretion".....Mr. E. Wills.

Declamatory Essay, "Physical Education".....

.....Mr. C. VanFlandern.

Recitation, (Comical) "Truth about Mathusala,".....

.....Mr. F. Didier.

Recitation, "The Inquiry".....Mr. R. Monin.

Declamatory Essay, "Educational Value of Literature" ..	
.....	Mr. A. Schuette.
Music, (Saxophone Solo) "Killarney"	Mr. R. Rath.
Oration, "Columbus"	Mr. W. Flaherty.
Dialogue, "Savanarola and Lorenzo"	
.....	Messrs. E. Flaig and X. Jaeger.
Pantomime, "Pards"	Messrs. P. Welsh and J. Smith.
Music, "Dunlap Commandry March"	Band.

The principle features of the program was the absence of all trifling and the presentation of real instructive matter. Messrs. Smith and Welsh deserve special mention for the pains they took to make their part of the program a success.

The Columbians will render a drama, entitled "The Dead Witness," on Thanksgiving evening. The play has been written by the author of the "Druid's Ambition," Bro. Waldron, S. M., of Cleveland, O. If we judge the merit of "The Dead Witness" by that of the "Druid's Ambition," the pompous scenes of which are still fresh in our minds, the drama promises to be a complete success. Bro. Waldron's dramas are well-plotted and full of action, well-adapted to college stages. The Columbian Literary Society feels itself much indebted to Bro. Waldron for the favor he has conferred upon the Columbians in permitting them to present his plays.

A. L. S. The Aloysians have resolved to have a private program every two weeks, and intend to adhere to their resolution.

They rendered the following private program, Sunday, Oct. 26: Recitation, J. Howe; Recitation, J. Miller; "Aloysian paper," J. Burke; Recitation, D. Fitzgerald; Song, P. Caesar.

The Aloysians intend to give a play before the holidays, by Padre Buero, entitled "The Vocation of St. Aloysius"

I. W., '04

OBITUARY.

Michael Smith, the father of our esteemed fellow-student, Joseph Smith, departed this life on Sept. 26. The funeral was held from St. Mary's Church, of Portsmouth, O. Mr. Smith was born at Portsmouth, March 31, 1834. His marriage with Miss Mayme Barron was blessed with nine children, seven of whom survive their father.

To the bereaved children we extend our sincerest condolence in their sorrow, and heartily sympathize with them in their loss of a good, devoted father.

R. C. G., '05.

MILITARY NOTES.

The St. Joseph's military organization is rapidly progressing to the summit of success. The order for the regulation blue uniform, which was adopted by the staff, was given to Pettibone Bros., of Cincinnati, Ohio. A large number of students have ordered uniforms. Those students having regulation uniform will belong to Co. A. The rest, who have not ordered uniforms will be in Co. B. The captains of the different companies deserve praise for their earnest zeal in trying to make the exhibition drill on Thanksgiving Day a success.

J. A. B., '04.



'Varsity, 6.

INVINCIBLES, 0.

Sunday, Oct. 19., the initial game between the 'Varsity and the Invincible teams was played. Taken from all standpoints, the game was certainly one of the most interesting and exciting ever played on the local gridiron.

Both teams entered the game to win, but from the outstart it was evident that the 'Varsity was the superior in quick formations and sure interference, which are the chief essentials of the game.

FIRST HALF.

At 4. P. M. the shrill whistle of the referee was heard, and the two teams lined up for a strong game. Capt. McGill of the Invincibles won the toss and chose the kick-off. Arnold sent the oval squarely into Rieman's arms, who regained ten yards. Steinbrunner circled left end for a substantial gain of fifteen yards, then Flaherty hit center for four yards more. On the next play Goebel made a star run of forty yards, on the antiquated criss-cross. Then the 'Varsity settled down to business and by the steady plunges through the line, the ball was brought to the Invincibles 3yd. line, where amid the cheers of their local support-

ers, Flaherty was pushed over for the touch-down, seven minutes after play began. Sibold kicked a very difficult goal. Score:

'Varsity 6.

Invincibles 0.

Arnold kicked to Sibold who with fine interference regained 25 yards. Resorting to their old tactics, the 'Varsity started down the field, but at last the Invincibles took a brace and held them for downs. Arnold hit center for a good gain of 10 yards, and McGill was pushed through for 3 more. Then O'Connor tried an end run, but lacking good interference, was easily tackled by Steinbrunner and carried back 9 yards. On the next down with 14 yards to gain, Arnold tried a drop kick, but it was a failure. The 'Varsity were again held for downs and the ball once more went over. The Invincibles again attempted to pierce the 'Varsity line, but found it impregnable and Arnold punted. Sibold made a good catch and regained the distance punted, but after a few downs, time was called with the ball in the 'Varsity's possession on their own 15 yard line.

SECOND HALF.

Although no scoring was done in this half, yet it proved to be the most exciting of the game. Sibold kicked off to Arnold who made a good gain of 15 yards, but after trying in vain to pierce the 'Varsity's line, the ball went over. With the ball on their opponents 40 yard line, things looked highly favorable for another touch-down for the winners, and but for a misplay, most likely the score would have been increased as much. By good interference and line masses the ball was brought to with-

in 3 ft. of the Invincibles' goal, where on a loose play the ball was stolen by Bodine, who was forced over his goal for a touch-back.

The ball was then kicked off from the 25 yard line. Now it was that hopes of the losers were high. Their heavy guard, Lieser, was sent through the line twice for two gains which netted 8 or 9 yards; but on the third, with only a yard to gain, he was forced back by the 'Varsity line men for a loss of 3 yards, thereby losing the ball. Encouraged by the possession of the ball, the 'Varsity made rapid strides towards the center of the field. Goebel made another spectacular run of 30 yards, and but for the timely tackle of Bryan, another touch-down was in order. After this play the 'Varsity was held for downs and lost the ball. At this stage of the game one of the Invincibles' back was injured, and with a minute and a half yet to play, the game ended.

The features of the game were, the end-runs and fine tackles of Goebel and Steinbrunner, and the line bucking of Arnold. The 'Varsity interference was superb, while that of the Invincibles was ragged, and their formations were slow and inaccurate. Had they been better in this regard, they would have stood a better chance of winning, as they were superior in weight to the 'Varsity team. Arnold, O'Connor, McGill and Lieser played the best game for the Invincibles.

The following is the line up:

'VARSITY.

INVINCIBLES.

Thom

R. E.

Bodine

Lonsway

R. T.

Schumacher

Rieman	R. G.	Lieser
Quell	C.	Freiburger
Miller	L. G.	Sutter
Myers	L. T.	Grobmyer
Daniels	L. E.	Shea
Sibold	Q. B.	Bryan
Steinbrunner	L. H. B.	O'Connor
Goebel	R. H. B.	McGill
Flaherty	F. B.	Arnold

Touch-down—Flaherty. Goal kick—Sibold.
 Umpire—H. F. Parker. Referee—B. F. Fendig.
 Timekeepers—Braun and Welsh. Linesmen—Halpin and Keller. Time of halves—twenty and five minutes.

PERSONALS.

—John Costello enjoyed the company of his brother on Oct. 18th.

—Rev. M. Dentinger, C. PP. S., of Pulaski, Ind., was our guest on Oct. 24th.

—On Oct. 28th., Mrs. T. Gleason, of Peru, Ind., entered her son at St. Joseph's

—Rev. Henry Goldsmith, C. PP. S., of Violet, Ohio, paid us a short visit on Oct. 5th.

—On Sept, 29, Mrs. J. Conrath, of Hammond, Ind., entered her son on the students' list.

—On Oct. 23rd., Mr. M. Burke, of Peru, Ind., surprised his son James by a short visit.

—On Oct. 18th., Rev. F. Koenig, of Lowell, Ind., was a welcome caller at the College.

—Rev. F. Jansen, of Frankfort, Ind., was present at the program rendered on Columbus Day.

—Rev. L. Linder, C. PP. S., of Winamac, Ind., was entertained at the college for a few hours on Oct. 15th.

—Mr. Saccone, of Chicago, Ill., accompanied by Mr. D. Marubio, spent Sunday, Oct. 5th. with his sons at the College.

—Wed., Oct. 29th, Miss Meier of Niles Centre, Ill., spent a few pleasant hours with her brother George at the College.

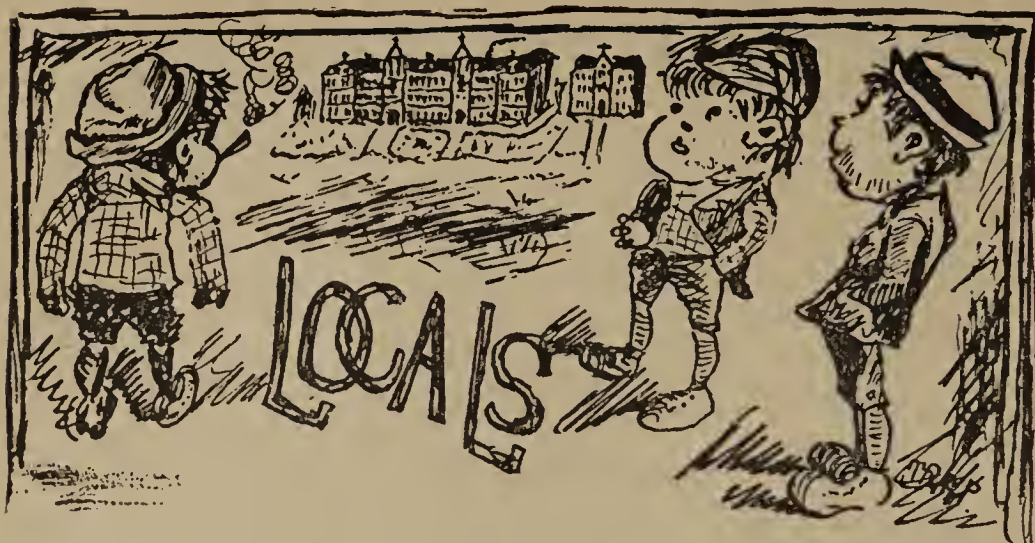
—Rev. Basil and Mr. Felix Didier, C. PP. S., received a pleasant visit from their brother, Mr. P. Didier, of Chicago, Ill., on Oct. 28th. Mr. Didier is a former student of St. Joseph's, and is well and favorably known by many of our Alumni.

—Rev. Basil Didier, C. PP. S. '95, has been appointed a member of the Faculty to succeed Rev. Christian Daniel, '96, who, much to our regret, has been called from our midst to take charge of missions in Mo. Father Didier will have charge of the French department, and those pursuing that course may facilitate themselves in the possession of so able an instructor in this branch.

—Our popular prefect of last year, the Rev. Liberat Schupp, C. PP. S., is now stationed at the missionary headquarters of the C. PP. S., at Ft. Wayne, Ind. The students will ever cherish the memory of Father Liberat for his many self-sacrificing efforts in their behalf as well as the generous favors which he always willingly granted them. Nothing would please us better than a visit from our genial friend.

—It is our pleasant duty to here announce that Rev. Bartholomew Besinger, C. PP. S., '96, is this year acting in the capacity of Prefect of the St. Aquino Hall. Father Besinger is one of the best athletes St. Joseph's ever had, and it is only natural that he be as interested as he is in the various sports of the students. He makes an ideal prefect, and by his gentle, yet firm way of ruling, he has won the esteem and good will of all the students of St. Aquino Hall.

—Mr. Charles Van Flandern of this year's graduating class in the classical department has left St. Joseph's to accept the position of traveling salesman for a book company. Charles was a popular and talented student and will be greatly missed by his fellows, for he was always an active promoter of the students' interests. While we regret his departure greatly, still we are somewhat consoled by the fact that he has promised to remain a contributor to THE COLLEGIAN. That he may be successful in his new field of labor, is the wish of every inmate of St Joseph's. J.A. B., '04.



R. Monin has the bowling record of 193 points. Our esteemed Rector comes next with 183.

Albert to Camillus: "Say, lend me your scissors, I want to peel this apple."

Sunday, Oct. 26., J. Bryan and J. O'Donnell, visited their homes at Indianapolis.

W. Fisher returned from a short visit at home, where he had his eyes treated, Oct. 27.

Wed., Oct. 1., J. Lang and L. Bergman went to Chicago to have their eyes treated.

Richard in his sleep: "Vanum est vobis ante lucem surgere." The next morning he slept till breakfast was over.

Gloomy Gust says that he don't care what the boys call him, just so they don't call him too late for meals.

Shorty to Keller: "What will you do, since Trap has left?" Keller: "I'll do what you did, when Ready left."

Since they made a trip to the "Windy City" on Oct. 22., E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke and A. Sutter, are taking a better view of the world through their "new lookers!"

“That beats Poland all to smash,” yelled Flavian, as Paul Wiese pulled a monstrous turnip from his desk the other day.

J. Grobmyer, of Carrollton, Ky., C. Sankot, of Kosyta, Iowa, B. Gleason, of Peru, Ind., and P. Conrath, of Hammond, Ind., have been enrolled among the students of S. J. C. during the past month.

Wed., Oct. 4., J. Jones was called to Chicago to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. Bradley. His fellow-students unite in expressing their sympathy to him in his bereavement.

The sick-room was turned into a soldiers' home after the battle of “Six to Nix,” in which the Invincibles were routed, Oct. 19. Cork legs, wooden arms, false teeth, patented ears and noses and spinal columns were in great demand.

Wed., Oct. 15., M. O'Connor received a message announcing the death of his grandmother, Mrs. O'Connel. He left the same afternoon for Indianapolis to attend the funeral. He has the sympathy of his fellow students.

Major McGill is getting all his forces ready to make war upon a large number of Turk——eys, which are becoming quite brave here of late. The fatal order is expected a day or so before Thanksgiving Day.

From us has gone an important one

Whose place can be filled by none;

A gentleman was he, and honored by all.

That happiness and success, Trap, be always with thee

Is the ardent wish of those still at S. J. C.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, B. Holler, R. Monin, A. Schuette, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, C. Grube, F. Didier, J. Dabbelt, B. Quell, F. Wachendorfer, W. Scheidler, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer R. Schwieterman, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor; M. Bodine, J. Becker, R. Rath, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, J. McCarthy, J. Smith, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, M. Lang, P. Peiffer, W. Rieman, M. Schumacher, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Notheis, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Lang, C. Myers, J. Grobmyer, J. Sullivan, T. Connell, E. Barnard.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Braun, P. Welsh, H. Muhler, E. Cook, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, A. Schaefer, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, T. Quinlan, V. Meagher, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, N. Keller, E. Freiburger, J. Bryan, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, I. Weis, G. Meier, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Schmitz, P. Conrath, C. Sankot.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, R. Monin, A. Schuette, E. Flaig, P. Welsh, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, M. Ehleringer, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, M. Bodine, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fischer, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, E. Howe, P. Peiffer, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, L. Burrows, W. Meiering, J. Notheis, J. Grobmyer, C. Sankot, A. Scherrieb.

84-90 PER CENT.

B. Holler, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, G. Arnold, J. Dabbelt, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Shea, J. Becker, R. Rath, M. Helmig, J. McCarthy, E. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, E. Hauk, A. Delaney, J. Costello, J. Miller, W. Rieman, D. Rada, F. Coyne, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, C. Myers, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, L. Bergman, P. Miller, J. Lang, P. Carlos.
